

The Saturday Evening Post

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CONDITIONS.

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[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

To Miss M. L.

As the white crest of foam on a wave of th' sea,
My heart o'er, dear Maiden, danc'd buoyantly free:
No tears ever clouded—no cares did it know—
Untroubled, it glided in uniform flow.

No instant companion but Hope then it knew,
Whose magical mirror enhanced its view:
The "Heavenly maid" ever near it did stay,
To charm it by night, and allure it by day.

Too carelessly, time roll'd, unheeded and light,
Ere it e'er began beaming celestially bright;
And joys in her distant horizon, assum'd
Appearances brilliant, and Eden-like bloom'd.

Till, and the change—Love, like a blast
Of lurid flame, Hope's sun o'ercast;
Her joys vanished from my sight,
She set in gloom, and all was night!

Now hopeless love and fond alone,
Thro' thro' my breast to sorrow's tone;
Joy and pleasure, are now unknown
In this fond heart—once all their own.

Long—long has it been thus, and ever will be,
For Hope's fondest wishes are center'd in thee—
And as Hope and thyself are the same to my view,
When'er thou art absent she vanishes too.

Philadelphia, May, 1838.

PETARCH.

Moral and Religious.

God said "Let there be Light."

"Let there be light!" Jehovah said,
And nature sprang to birth;
Darkness before his presence fled,
And beauty crown'd the earth.

Man, by his word from dust be form'd,
And woman from his side;
Their souls with fire's etheric warm'd,
To heaven's dread king allied.

But soon the gloom of sin o'erspread
The lustre of the mind;
No light the lamp of Reason shed,
And man again was blind.

His walk was darkness, and despair
Upon his spirit prey'd;
Weary and worn with caring care,
Along life's waste he stray'd.

TV ETERNAL SOW— "Let there be light!"
Again in heaven was heard;
And lo! man's weak bewildered sight
The Star of Bethlehem cheer'd.

The Sun of Righteousness, his beams
Upon the spirit shed;
The sleep of sin, and error's dreams,
Were o'er, when Jesus bled!

J. F. Statesman.]

BOSTON BARD.

HEAVEN.

This world's not all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given—
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wip'd an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted Heaven.

Is it for food and raiment, and for shelter alone,
That we came into the world? Do we talk of our
souls, and live as if we were? All that surrounds
us, were made of dull matter? Are the relations
of life for our convenience merely, or has the ful-
filling of these duties none but promised and dis-
tant rewards? Man has another and higher na-
ture, even here, and the spirit within him finds an
eternal spirit in every thing that grows, and an
affectionate relation not only with fellow men, but
with the commonest things that lie scattered about
the earth.

Many, many are the vicissitudes of life—few
are to be found who do not experience a
great variety of them. But to those very vicissi-
tudes may be owing as many of our pleasures as
our pains. There are scenes of delight in the
vale as well as on the mount—and the inequalities
of nature may not be less necessary to please the
eye, than the varieties of life to improve the heart.

BOLITUDE is essential to the Christian.—Our
Lord himself has given us an example of occa-
sionally retiring from the world when he spent
nights on the mountain in reflection and prayer.
Holy men, in all ages, have followed his example.
They have assured us that they have made their
home in the life of the soul, during their
hours of lonely retirement, in unbroken medi-
tation, in unpartaken musing, in whispering prayer.
In such hours they have recovered that sense of
the value of divine things which the world had
made them forget; they have regained that sen-
sibility of conscience, which intercourse with man-
kind had blunted; they have gained new life to
those affections, which had been deadened by the
contamination of other affections in the company of
men; and then they have returned to the active
duties of their calling, prepared to pursue them
with fresh ardour and diligence, and to combat
temptation with increased strength. Every one,
indeed, who has had any experience, at any time,
of the genuine influence of religion on his soul,
must be aware how much his zeal, and steadfast-
ness, and comfort, and improvement, have been
enriched and made more firm, in proportion as
he has neglected a reasonable retirement, and suf-
fered himself to be engrossed in the cares of the
world.

It may be assumed as a maxim, among Chris-
tians, that he who seems to see any thing in
himself, will cease to improve as a religious man.
The spirit within him will be dying away, the
warmth of his heart will be waxing cold, the beau-
tiful regularity of his affections and dispositions,
which were once the source of his choicest peace,
and that devout frame of contemplation and hea-
venly-mindedness, which was once in him as the
forecast of Heaven, will be passing from him, and
he will gradually become a new man. He may
still, in a cold, calculating way, show fidelity
to his worldly trusts, and be obedient to the de-
mand of his several stations in life; but he can-
not continue, like a disciple of Jesus, his heart
glowing with holy feeling, and his mind enlarged,
interested and elevated by habitually acting in
sight, as it were, of invisible and infinite things.

As a religious man, therefore, he ceases to im-
prove. He never retires from the world, and the
world by degrees monopolizes all his thought
and concern.

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE OBSERVER—No. I. ON GAMING.

I was lately strolling in a wood, romantically
situated at no great distance from the city of —,
and so plunged was I in a deep and agreeable re-
verie, that I was aware of it, I became en-
tangled in its mazes—I endeavoured to find the
path, but in vain; as I paused for a time to col-
lect my scattered thoughts, my attention was ar-
rested by the rustling of the foliage not far distant—
I proceeded to the spot from whence the sound
issued—but gracious Heaven! what was my aston-
ishment, when I beheld a man with pale and hag-
gard looks, dishevel'd hair, standing with a pistol
in his hand: from which I doubted not but he in-
tended some violence to himself. I paused as it
were involuntarily. He gazed awhile at the pistol
and then exclaimed, "Hail thou instrument of self
destruction! in one short moment you separate
me from the world, and all its attendant miseries—
why then do I pause—is it death I fear! Oh! no,
there will be no more of this frame after death but
lifeless clay—but why say I so—could you bright
luminary, which gives light and heat to the uni-
verse, be placed there by any but omnipotent
hands—I dare not think—to my house I dare not
go—my wife's lamentations, my children's cry for
food—Oh, that were enough to nerve me were I
less stricken by despondency—come then, my
resolution is fixed, my wife, my children, fare-
well forever!" Here he paused, and with a firm
grasp held the pistol to his head; at this critical
moment I rushed on him, and wrested the weapon
away. "Who dare," cried he, "come between
me and death." "Wretched man," replied I,
"think you, by meanly and cowardly destroying
yourself, and leaving a wife and helpless children
to the 'mercy of a rude stream' which you are
afraid of encountering, to alleviate your condition,
know you not that the sin of self destruction is
unpardonable and would you rush into the presence
of an incarnate and justly offended Creator with un-
expiated sins, and a new and enormous crime
upon your head, to have the awful sentence of
"Depart" passed upon you—consider and shudder
at the precipice you have escaped." As I proce-
ded he hung his head, he trembled, and through
shame and confusion, was afraid of encountering
my looks; after a short space of time, during
which he was evidently struggling against his
feelings, he spoke, "Oh! sir, pity me, listen and
I will briefly let you know my story—I married
early in life a woman who was 'lovely to soul and
eye'—we were not wealthy but we had enough;
blest with three sweet children I knew no hap-
piness beyond my own fire-side—in a state of un-
common serenity thus passed several years, until
that fiend Gaming crept in—I became enamoured
of it, which syren like is so fascinating, that it at-
tracts its votaries by degrees, and seldom leaves
them till plunged in the deepest abyss of misery—
It was so with me. I, who once had shuddered at
the thought of risking a single dollar now became a
professed gambler—I played and lost, still tempt-
ed to another and another cast of the die, by a
delusive hope that fortune would turn, and I
should recover all—Misérable infatuation! I
continued to play till I was left with, (though
strange you may think it,) but one guinea, and
that guinea I risked—the chance was against me
—I became a ruined man—I beheld my wife and
children whom my pestiferous breath had blasted
—desperation seized me; my brain burned, racks
and torments were not to compare with what I felt
at that time; I had gone already too far to retract
—a pistol presented itself to my view—with a fran-
tic resolution I seized it and flew here to commit a
crime, the very idea of which now makes me shud-
der. I am grateful for this merciful interposition
of Divine Providence, and I will return again to
my family—if penitence can work out my forgive-
ness, they shall be happy. God grant humility!"
With these words he quitted me, and I returned
home impressed with the spectacle I had witness-
ed, and thinking how in every rank of society,
the fortunes, the good fame, the lives of men,
of their wives and children, are exposed to the uncer-
tain hazard of a die box and the shuffle of a card
table.

THE FELON.

"Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous
stuff that weighs upon the heart." Shakespeare.

It was a cold morning in January, that
I took my seat in the stage at Albany, with
the intention of proceeding to New-York.
Before we crossed the river, we stopped to
take in another passenger; as rising from a
warm bed at two o'clock, to pursue a cold
journey is not apt to sweeten the temper,
mine could not boast of much serenity. I
sat fuming and fretting at the delay, when a
large man bustled into the stage, and after
some difficulty, he was settled to his
liking when we proceeded. As we rode
over the frozen river, my companion was
continually blessing himself, and awakened
me from a sweet slumber, by swearing
with a tremendous oath that the whole con-
cern was going to the devil; "speak for
yourself sir," said I, peevishly;—"certainly,
sir," he replied, "but bad company
you know." Notwithstanding my fellow
traveller's prediction, we reached the op-
posite shore in safety, where, at the hum-
ble inn, which then was the only house
there, we took in another passenger, who,
as the faint light of the lamp glared on him,
seemed a complete contrast to my portly
companion. He sprang lightly in the ve-
hicle, whistling the while, and depositing
his little body in one corner, began, in a
tolerable voice, a jolly song, that soon lulled
his audience to repose. We were
scarcely awake when we reached the place
at which we were to breakfast. As I strolled
round the house while our meal was

preparing, I observed a boy pensively lean-
ing against the fence; his apparel was de-
cent, but much worn, and he bore the ap-
pearance of having come off a long jour-
ney. I enquired whence he came?—"Oh,
sir," was the reply—"that is a
great distance"—yes, but I had lifts—I
did not walk all the way, sir." "My poor
child," I said, "what has forced you to
wander alone over such a tract of coun-
try?" He answered, "that his uncle had
sent him away, and he was going to New-
York to his mother." I was struck with
pity for the urchin, and pleased with his
intelligent face, promised to procure him
a seat in the stage, and ordered him some
refreshment. The driver consented to
admit him, on receiving a small recom-
pense; and our repast being finished, we
recommenced our journey. The moment
Mr. Ransdale (as the little man called him-
self) saw the poor boy, he began with,
"Hey, youngster, who are you?" "Charles
Herberts, sir." "Where do you come
from?" "Ohio, sir." "Why the devil
did you not stay there?" "My uncle sent
me away," said the boy, omitting the
rest. "Aha! you have been about mischief,
my chap; what did you do, eh?" "Nothing,"
said the boy in a dogged tone. "And you
are bound to New-York," continued his
merciless interrogator—"Who have you
there to look after you?" "My mother
keeps a garden." "And you are going to
live on your poor mother?" "No," said
the child, with a glowing face, "I be little,
but I be strong—I can work." "And
what will you do?" "Any thing—every
thing," replied the youth. "Hum! I sus-
pect it will be any thing," said Mr. Ran-
sdale; "I see you are a knowing one, and
I dare say I shall meet you in court, or
have the trying of you myself for some
state prison business yet; I see it by your
eyes." There did lurk a sly expression in
the corners. As the lawyer uttered this
charitable prophecy, the blood rushed to
the boy's face, he clenched his hands, and
darted an indignant glance at Mr. Ransdale.
When we reached the city, in the bustle of
arrival, I forgot my protégé, and saw no
more of him for some years. One morn-
ing I chanced to enter the counting room
of an eminent merchant, and beheld, on
one of the highest stools, my friend from
Ohio. His employer spoke much in his
favour, commending his industry and in-
tegrity. I frequently met him afterwards,
though I did not recognize him, fearing to
molest him; he increased in favour with
his master, and seemed to have every
prospect of raising himself to affluence. I
had just returned from a strolling tour in
the country, when I met Mr. Ransdale; I
had frequently seen him, but never recall-
ed our stage adventure to his remem-
brance; he was proceeding to court, whi-
ther he invited me to accompany him, and
witness an interesting trial—"It is a
youth," said Ransdale, as we entered the
room, "who I am to try for forgery; the
affair has made some noise." The court
room was already crowded, but the friend-
ly lawyer procured me a convenient seat
near the enclosure appointed for the pri-
soner. I was scarce seated before the pri-
soner was brought in; I started, rubbed
my eyes—but they saw aright: Charles
Herberts stood in the criminal box to be
tried by Mr. Ransdale. His words in the
stage flashed over my mind: "Can the de-
vil speak true," I exclaimed half aloud.—
"Will you please to sit down sir," said
one of my neighbours; for I had risen and
was gazing earnestly on the prisoner. He
was composed and firm, but his form was
wasted, and his cheek was sallow; he lifted
not his eyes from the ground until called
upon to declare himself innocent or guilty;
he then pronounced in a firm tone, "not
guilty." As he threw a hurried glance
around, he saw Ransdale, who had not the
slightest remembrance of Herberts' face or
name; but when the unhappy youth be-
held the lawyer, a deadly paleness blanched
his countenance; even his lips became col-
ourless, and though the heat was extreme
in the crowded apartment, he shivered as
if from severe cold. After a long trial,
the particulars of which it is not necessary
to relate, the evidence was so doubtful, his
past character so unimpeachable, that he
was acquitted. He seemed not to hear the
welcome words: I took his hand, which
was cold as marble, and said, "Young man
you are acquitted—you are pronounced in-
nocent." "Will the world ever believe it,"
said he, in a bitter manner. "Yes, and re-
spect you for your unmerited sufferings,"
I replied. He did not answer, and I left
him with the fear that unjust suspicion and
unmerited disgrace acting on susceptible
feelings, had unhinged them for ever. As
I had observed to him, Herberts became
an object of universal sympathy; his late
employer was the first to seek him, and
implore his forgiveness, offering him any
recompense for his sufferings, and entreat-
ing him to enter his house again; but Her-
berts could not listen to Mr. W.'s propo-
sal with composure, and the good man
quitted him miserable, at the idea of having
caused such wretchedness.

After this occurrence fortune seemed to
take delight in bestowing her favours on
Herberts; his uncle who had driven him a
beggar from his house, now dying, his
wealth was inherited by him. Our hero
entered into business; business crowded
upon him; he ventured into what daring
speculations, and like a successful gam-

bler, he always won the stakes. He be-
came the husband of a lovely wife, and the
father of promising sons and blooming
daughters; yet rarely did the smile of hap-
piness light up the features of this *fortu-
nate man*: that one dark incident of his ear-
ly life, which all the world forgot, he lived
to remember. Should conversation even
remotely glance that way, he writhed in
agony; and you soon perceived in talking
with him, that there was one subject which,
like the fatal chamber of Blue Beard, it
was death to open.

Many years have not elapsed since I was
called to the dying Herberts; though still
young, his life was fast drawing to a close.
Supported in his bed by a pillow, he address-
ed me in a weak voice: "I have long per-
ceived, sir, that you recognized in me the
poor boy you charitably protected twenty
years since. I feel I am dying, and have
sent for you that I might unburden my
mind of a weight that sinks it to despair.—
You remember me in an honorable em-
ployment under Mr. W.; he had raised me
from abject poverty, and reposed in me
unlimited confidence; you saw me a pri-
soner, accused of a crime in which fraud and
ingratitude were darkly blended, confront-
ed by my old accuser, Mr. Ransdale; he
knew me not; but I had never forgotten
him; and when I beheld him, his cursed
prediction rose to my memory, and seem-
ed to be written in characters of fire where-
ver I cast my eyes; you also heard my ac-
quittal, and strove to soothe a dejection
which you judged proceeded from injured
feeling; but I was guilty; yes though pro-
nounced innocent by my judges, I was a
Felon. I thought that when the trial was
over, when I had received the undeserved
congratulations of all around me, and heard
my venerable parent pour out her gratitude
to Heaven that her son was declared inno-
cent, that life had no bitterer pang; but I
was not enough punished; my employer,
the man who had cherished me in his bos-
om, and who, serpent like, I had stung,
came to me, he implored my pardon, he be-
sought my friendship. Oh! that moment
of remorse and self condemnation exceeded
the horrors of the most infamous execution;
but I survived, and heaven has showered
down blessings on my unworthy head as if
in anger: the love of my wife, the smiles
of my children, pierced my guilty soul; and
forgery and felon seemed stamped on every
bank note I touched. Mr. W. still lives,
an aged man, in reduced circumstances; I
have hitherto supported his family, and he
has given my heart with his expressions of
gratitude; take these notes, they exceed
the amount I wronged him of; after my
death, do you deliver them to him, but let
him never disclose the giver's name. I
would, for my boy's sakes, that my mem-
ory might not be dishonored." He died and
was interred with all the pomp of wealth,
and followed to the tomb by a long train of
mourning friends; for all the kindly feelings
of affection dwell in his wretched heart—
he was bountiful, merciful, and gentle. I
made these reflections over the narrow
space where lay his remains, and did not
check the tear of regret; though it fell on
the grave of a FELON.

BURNS'S LASSIE.

The young lady who was the subject of
Burns's "Lassie wi' the lint white locks,"
and to whom he says, in a letter to Mr.
Thompson, we are indebted for some of
his best songs, was a Miss L.—L.—.
She was then young and beautiful, and pos-
sessed of all that gaiety and vivacity which
commonly accompany such charms. Al-
though she had many wooers, yet none were
fortunate enough to win her affections, or
waken a kindred passion within her bosom.
At length a military officer paid his ad-
dresses to the lovely "Chloris," and "was
a thriving wooer." With him she eloped,
and was married. A female relative of
Burns's, who resided with him at Ellisland,
had frequent opportunities of seeing Miss
L. at Burn's house. That person now re-
sides in Manchline, and was lately much
surprised to discover in the person of an
old woman, whom she invited to a night's
lodging, the identical "Lassie wi' the lint
white locks."

[London paper.]

MR. SUMMERFIELD.

Says a Baltimore writer, though only in
his twenty-fourth year, possesses in an
eminent degree the magical influence of at-
tracting and interesting every eye that be-
holds him, and rivetting the attention of
every listening ear. To attempt a descrip-
tion of him would be as impossible as to
attempt to copy his style, or imitate his
graceful action. If you would completely
understand his oratory, or feel his elo-
quence, you must view him while speaking,
for there is a magic charm in every ges-
ture; a fascination in every glance of his
eye—and duly to appreciate his talents, you
must hear him; for he has the wonderful
power indeed "to give to airy nothing a
local habitation and a name!" He can even
draw a simile from an acorn—make it
proudly wave the veteran of the forest,
until we see beauty in an oak we never saw
before. He can take a blown thistle, then
fan it by the breeze of heaven, and light it
where he pleases; and in his simile make
it appear to us more lovely than the blush-
ing rose. His figures are truly appropriate
—his simile beautiful and sublime, yet the
most simple, perhaps, ever uttered by the

lips of an orator. In him you see
nothing like an endeavour to display
superior genius. His subject alone
forth his oratorical power; and it is
he is eloquence itself. Possessing the
fertile imagination ever gifted to such
having the happy art of feeling the
he wishes to impress on his hearers, he
then completely spell-bound, taking
senses captive, melting the eye into tears
or kindling the fire of religious enthusiasm
in the heart.

GHOSTS.

A young lady, aged about 31 years, lately
died in consequence of a fright resulting
from seeing, or supposing she saw some-
thing white in the road along which she
was passing, a little while after night.
The practice of repeating tales of ghosts
and hobgoblins to children, ought to be
made criminal, and subject even to be
publicly ducked as witches, and others to be
legally whipped as knaves: for the impres-
sions thus made on the mind of a child are
hardly ever effaced—no more than the
trouble by the most philosophical and
correct among us. There may be ghosts,
but I never saw one; nor did I ever know
a person that said that he had seen one,
and the idea held out that they are as
plenty as blackberries" cannot be so ve-
rely reprehended. There is no natural
fear of spectres. I know a little boy that
kept awake as long as he could hold his
eyes open, to catch a ghost, which his
father had promised him a quarter of a
dollar for if he would do; at last he sagely
concluded that there was none, and went to
sleep. And such would be the reasoning
of every child, if it was not for the wretched
practice of romancing and lying in their
presence, or of frightening them to do this
or to refrain from doing that.

COMMUNICATION.

"Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put you down,"
HARRY V.

Editors,
The established forms of literary usage require
that the attacks which its exertions are obli-
gated, either through motives of justice or caprice,
should be repelled with a vigour and energy cor-
respondent to the consciousness of its own in-
correctness; and that the timely and immoderate
lash of retaliation should not be delayed long
enough to afford malice an opportunity to catch
it in its own depravity, or allow malignity to bog it
in the consolation of the baneful effects of exas-
peration too often produce. I apply this, gentle-
men, in a particular manner to the very laborious
and unjustifiable attacks made by a writer in your
week's Post, on the rising reputation of a young
gentleman, whose exertions, though they may not
entirely deserve the strictest criticism, yet are they
far superior to the execrations which your cor-
respondent endeavours to load them with.

You are not to imagine, gentlemen, that this is a
manifestation of feelings which the personal aspi-
rations of your correspondent may have inspired
with, or that I only hurl the gamut of defiance
against him purely on account of my own reputa-
tion—already endangered by efforts of more im-
portance than the trifling tribute I was happy in
paying where it was so justly due. But to descend
to facts—

Your "volary of Theopis" observes, in the first
place, that he "is far from wishing to discus-
him of his promising talents in the dramatic line,"
&c.; this I conceive is somewhat paradoxical, for
certainly if ever means were used to dissuade any
person from exerting himself, it is that which fol-
lows this very liberal, but unfortunately very inco-
sistent, proposition. That he bids very far for the
future excellence is an assertion I will not pretend
to deny, for I am pleased at the opportunity of
pointing out a single expression in the whole piece
which can be made to mean more than this, or
from which any other meaning can be taken than
that he gave liberal promise of talent and acquire-
ment, &c. utterly disclaiming all pretensions to es-
tablished excellence, and merely taking the sense
of the audience and the general satisfaction of the
house as the only testimonies of his abilities.

For the satisfaction of your unknown "volary
of Theopis" I shall explain the significance of my
assertion, (obscure no doubt to his intelligent
faculties,) that the boldness of this first appearance
had few precedents in the history of the drama, a
theory I am now very careless of establishing, on
that there are few who would have undertaken a
character of such importance to make a first essay
in; and that he is mistaken if he supposes, I mean
by boldness an extension of ram, contortion, and
noise; but still more, and willfully, mistaken when
he asserts that either loud word, or "dis-suited"
gestures were used. In contradiction to this I will
merely state the fact, that it was the expressed
wish of many of his friends that he should not in-
tolerably exert himself more, but likewise assume more
of a theatrical tone of voice, and the corresponding
theatrical gestures, and that in consequence of be-
ing told of it, his manner was more impressive and
his tone considerably exalted, but in no one in-
stance was there the least approach to storm or
fury either in word or gesture: so completely free
was he from it, that it were impossible the most
fastidious could attach censure to him with the
slightest shadow of justice.

Your correspondent's expression, "that nothing
throughout the piece gave any promise of talent,"
is as illiberal as it is unjust—I consider the uni-
versal approbation of the audience as a sufficient coun-
terbalance for the railings of your "volary of
Theopis," and this assertion, so easily disproved,
goes, like all the rest, for nothing.

They are to be censured who in mere woman-
ness, or for the petty gratification of the censorious
scribbler, hesitate not to arraign thus publicly the
efficiency of talent they are as unfit to appreciate
as to write about.

MATRIMONIAL JOURNAL.

A gentleman lately took the following
Meteorological Journal of his wife's tem-
per:—
Monday—Rather cloudy; and in the afternoon
rains.
Tuesday—Vapourish; brightened up a little
at night.
Wednesday—Changeable; gloomy, and some-
times inclined to rain.
Thursday—High wind, and some
of thunder.
Friday—Fair in the morning;
afternoon, cloudy all night.
Saturday—A gentle breeze,
and a few flakes of lightning.

